

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1057.]

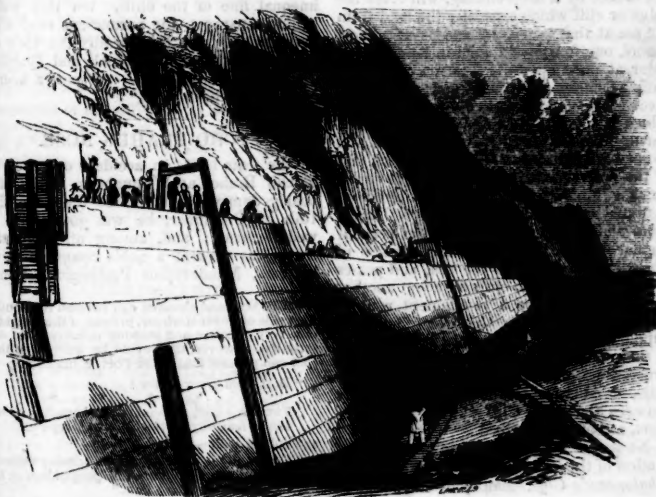
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1841.

[PRICE 2d.

THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY, NEAR DOVER.



SHAKESPEARE CLIFF AND TUNNEL.



SEA-WALL.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

IN the years 1835 and 1836 was planned "The South-Eastern Railway," from London to Dover; a line of very considerable importance in these "piping times of peace," and likely to prove highly advantageous in the event of a disturbance of our pacific relations with the Continent. It may be sufficient for our present purpose to state, that from the Report of the Engineer-in-chief, (Mr. William Cubitt,) the above line and the Brighton Railway will be the same road for the first twenty miles from London; and nearly as far as Croydon, will pass on the line already opened to that town. At Redstone, or Red Hill, the lines separate, and the South-Eastern Railway, after running a further distance of sixty-six miles, will terminate at a spot between the celebrated Shakespeare Cliff and Archeliff Fort, upon a raised platform or embankment, a few feet only above the beach; upon which a temporary station will, in the first instance, be erected, until the mode of entering Dover, and forming a station in the town, and near the quays, shall be determined on.

From Folkestone to Dover the works of this railway are very peculiar, and are now in rapid progress. Arriving at Folkestone, the narrow abrupt valley at that place will be crossed by a viaduct one hundred feet in height; from thence, by a considerable embankment, the Railway will cross over the Dover and Canterbury turnpike roads,—by means of a double skewed bridge; and passing thence by a deep cutting, will cross the ridge or cliff which separates the land from the sea at that place, by means of a short tunnel, one-fourth of a mile in length; and enter at once upon the Warren or Under-cliff, a singularly rough and undulating piece of ground about two miles in length, which is passed by a series of deep cuttings, varying from twenty to one hundred and twenty feet in depth. At the eastern end of the Warren, the Railway enters the main chalk cliff, and proceeds about one mile in a tunnel called *The Abbot's Cliff Tunnel*, from which it comes out upon the perpendicular front of the cliffs, at an elevation of about sixty feet above the sea, and passes along the face of the cliffs for about another mile, supported by a revêtement wall of concrete, (similar to the great Sea-Wall supporting the Marine Parade, at Brighton;) it then enters *The Shakespeare Tunnel*, after proceeding in which for nearly another mile, it emerges in the face of the cliffs between Shakespeare Cliff and the Arch-Cliff Fort, as before described.

No sooner was it known to be the determination of the Railway Committee to tunnel *Shakespeare's Cliff*, than considerable anx-

iety was felt lest this rock, so interesting from its being one of the localities of the play of *King Lear*, should be destroyed. This anxiety was reasonable enough for respect, since amidst even the utilitarian advantages of the railway, it was impossible to forget the poetic associations of the spot, and the interest with which it has been invested by one of the finest descriptive passages in the writings of our illustrious dramatic bard. Fortunately, the outline of the Cliff has been preserved, and its "high and bending head" remains for future generations to test the accuracy, whilst they admire the descriptive beauty, of the poet's verse. Accustomed as we have been to commemorate the homes of men of genius, and localities consecrated, as it were, in their writings, we have much gratification in adding the *Shakespeare Cliff* to their number.*

The first Engraving shews the eastern face of the Cliff, and the two Tunnels through the same, now in course of construction; the northern one being most advanced, and within a few weeks of completion. Each tunnel will be nearly a mile in length, and we know of no other instance in which two railway tunnels have been constructed parallel to each other. To have made a bore the width of the two passages was, however, deemed unsafe.

The second Engraving represents a portion of the Sea-Wall in course of construction between *Abbot's Cliff Tunnel* and the *Shakespeare Cliff* and *Tunnel*, about one mile in length, and sixty feet from the surface of the sea, but very much below the unequal line of the cliffs. On this wall, behind a parapet, the permanent road will be laid; and from this locality the view of sea and land—of the French and English coasts, at one *coup d'œil*—presents a scene of matchless beauty.

TYCHO BRAHE'S NOSE.

IN the year 1566, an accident occurred to Tycho Brahe, at Wittenberg, which had nearly deprived him of his life. On the 10th of December, he was invited to a wedding-feast; and, among other guests, there was present a noble countryman of his own, Manderupius Pasbergius. Some

* This bold and elevated cliff rises on the south-west side of Dover Harbour, in front of the Heights, in a very peculiar and striking manner. No description, however, that could be written of this spot can parallel that of the Poet, commencing—

"Dost thou know Dover?"

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;"

and ending with—

"From the dread summit of this chalky bourn
Look up a-height: the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen, or heard."

difference having arisen between them on this occasion, they parted with feelings of mutual displeasure. On the 27th of the same month, they met again at some festive games, and having revived their former quarrel, they agreed to settle their differences by the sword. They accordingly met at seven o'clock in the evening of the 29th, and fought in total darkness. In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose, and it was fortunate for astronomy that his more valuable organs were defended by so faithful an outpost. The quarrel, which is said to have originated in a difference of opinion respecting their mathematical attainments, terminated here; and Tycho repaired his loss by cementing upon his face a nose of gold and silver, which is said to have formed a good imitation of the original.*

VENICE GLASS.

THE earliest glass was called "Crystal-glass;" and that made at Venice obtained such celebrity as to have attributed to it magical properties; for it has ever been the vanity of man to magnify the perfection of art by attributing to it supernatural virtues. Howell, writing from Venice, in 1621, sends his letter by two Italians, "the best gentlemen that ever blew Crystal:" he adds that Crystal-glass could not be made elsewhere in "such perfection for beauty and lustre" as in Murano, a little island about the distance from Venice that Lambeth lies from London. Again, he quaintly says: "A good name is like Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended; patched it may be."†

It is, however, to Aubrey that we must turn for the supernatural properties of Venice glass. Thus: in Dr. Bolton's Sermons is an account of the Lady Honeywood, who despaired of her salvation. Dr. Bolton endeavoured to comfort her: said she, (holding a Venice glass in her hand,) I shall as certainly be damned, as this glass will be broken; and at that word, threw it hard on the ground, and the glass remained sound; which did give her great comfort.‡

LINES ON HIS NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I HOLD it a religious duty,
To love and worship children's beauty;
They've least the taint of earthly clod—
They're freshest from the hand of God.
With heavenly looks, they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.

* Martyrs of Science, p. 130.

† Howell, Familiar Letters, pp. 38, 310. Sixth Edition.

‡ Aubrey, Miscellanies, p. 132.

I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould;
'Twas near (more sacred was the scene)
The Palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer, to my view,
Was sculpture brought to life anew:
Her eyes had a poetic glow—
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow,
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.
'Twas obvious, from her walk and gait,
Her limbs were beautifully straight.
I stoop'd th' enchantress, and was told,
Though tall, she was but four years old.
Her guide so grave an aspect wore,
I could not ask a question more—
But followed her. The little one
Threw backward, ever and anon,
Her lovely neck, as if to say,
I know you love me, *Mister Grey*.
For, by its instinct, childhood's eye
Is shrewd in physiognomy;
They well distinguish fawning art
From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true
Good woman, till we bade adieu!
'Twas then I with regret grew wild—
Oh! beautiful, interesting child—
Why ask'd I not thy home and name?
My courage fail'd me—more's the shame.

But where abides this jewel rare?
Oh! ye that own her tell me where!
For sad it makes my heart, and sore,
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

Morning Chronicle.

ANTIQUITIES OF WORMEGAY.

(To the Editor.)

I SHOULD feel much obliged to some of your numerous Correspondents, if they could furnish information respecting a Priory, of which very extensive foundations still remain, at Wormegay, (anciently Ringay, or Rungay,) in the county of Norfolk; as also any general information respecting the village itself, in the midst of which stands a mount, still called Castle Hill, with a moat round it. There is a report that formerly fifteen churches existed in the place; though only one now remains, at a considerable distance from the village.

Wormegay is situated about five miles south of King's Lynn; and during the last summer excavations were made at the Priory ruins, when some beautiful specimens of architecture in Saxon, or Norman, and florid Gothic, were discovered; also stone coffins; a subterraneous passage of considerable length and breadth, and in a fine state of preservation, with the floors of several rooms in tessellated pavements of fleur-de-lis and cinque-foil. The foundations extend over several acres of land; and as the histories of Norfolk throw no light whatever on the subject, I hope that through the medium of *The Mirror* some information may be gained.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

Wormegay.

PUNCH.

AMIDST the various inducements to loiter on your way, which the streets of London continually present, there is one object that always possesses for us an irresistible attraction, far above all others; and that is the peripatetic theatre of our adored friend Punch. No matter how pressing our business—no matter how late for our appointment, we may be, or distant from the spot towards which we are progressing, the instant we hear Punch's shrill, expressive squeak, and behold the light frame-work of the scene of his gambols assuming a fixed perpendicular position, we bid a temporary adieu to aught else of consequence, and taking our place amongst the crowd of small boys, servant-maids, printers' devils, errand-carriers, and other street frequenters that surround his temple, are for the time lost to everything but the tricks and droleries, the sly manœuvres and deep-laid schemes, of our merry, bold, cowardly, deceitful, candid puppet.

We are never ashamed of being caught gazing at Punch. Many of our friends, nice young gentlemen of the glazed boot and lemon kid-glove school, have severely reprobated us for yielding to the inducements which the wooden hero holds out to arrest our steps; but these chidings have invariably gone in at one ear and out at the other—a curious overland journey across the brain, which no anatomist has yet properly defined, although we hear of it hourly in society. We are not angry with our friends, for everybody has his own ideas of refinement and gentility; but we pity them. We regret that they allow themselves to be deprived of much amusement and real laughter, from a mistaken notion of the *comme-il-faut*. And if they are seen, what does it matter? There are puppets in society, whose tricks are similar to, and twice as mischievous as, the pranks of Punch, whom it is thought no disgrace to gaze at. But this is one of the results of our English "fear-of-what-other-people-think." In the Champs Elysées, the small rough benches which the poor exhibitor of Punch places in front of his show are thronged with grown-up and respectable people, who scream with uncontrolled delight at his vagaries. The French enjoy themselves, because they do not quail, as we do, beneath the opinions of their neighbours; and the same feeling which allows them to ride in roundabouts and revolving ships, permits them equally to enter, heart and soul, into the performances of Punch, without caring whether anybody they know is regarding them or not.

We cannot, however, disguise the melancholy fact, that Punch is on the decline. It is true that he escaped the notice of the

Metropolitan Police Act, and, whilst the dogs were emancipated from the trucks,* was permitted to bully and tease the hapless Toby to his heart's content; still, we fear his glories are departing. Commend us to the goodly times when Mr. Powell, the prince of "motion-makers," set forth his exhibition "under the little Piazza in Covent Garden," and the opera at the Haymarket was seriously injured by the concurrence; when the sparrows and chaffinches at the latter theatre, instead of perching on the trees, only put out the candles, and the ballet yielded in attraction to the pig that danced a minuet with Punch. The clever paper of Steele, that made Pope shake his sides as he read it, related to no commonplace performance. But alas! the times are sadly changed. The Opera has resumed its sway, and a *pas de deux* between Coulon and Cerito is now thought superior to the celebrated opening dance between Punch and his consort.

Punch loves to be in the world, although he affects retirement from a great thoroughfare. He rather inclines to a quiet street that debouches into the stream of population. Hence the cul-de-sacs in the Strand that lead towards the river are sometimes favoured by him; for he is not annoyed there by passing vehicles, whilst he can attract a good audience from the foot-passengers. We have occasionally seen him at the bottom of Berners Street; more frequently in the offshoots of Tottenham Court Road; and very often in Castle Street, Leicester Square, his most favoured locality, where he collects a delighted crowd from the multitudes who are perpetually threading that extraordinary series of courts and archways, combs, straw-bonnets, cold ham, false teeth, and portmanteaus, that leads from New Street towards the West-End. Here he revels in uncontrolled wickedness; here his scream is more joyously shrill than in any other situation; and here his performance is generally of a more prolonged nature, from the change of audience, than his spectators are usually favoured with. And yet, we never saw the end of it—we do not believe any one ever did, for his antics are too often cut short by the paucity of the last collection of coppers which has been solicited in the inverted cymbal.

Our ideas of Punch are of a mysterious and inexplicable kind. We cannot quite divest ourselves of the opinion, that he is not altogether an inorganic body—a mere compound of wood, calico, and dirty paint.

* It is not too much to assert, that the emancipation of the dogs was very facetiously agitated, year by year, in the *Comic Almanack*, until it was consummated. Rigmud Funfidos is an honour to humanity; and he effects much good by throwing up straws to see which way the wind blows.—*Ed. M.*

We confess it without shame, we should not sleep tranquilly in our bed if Punch were lying on the toilet-table. We should feel more at our ease if we locked him up in a drawer previous to retiring to rest, because then we should know there was not such a chance of his amusing himself during the night by beating the back of our head with his all-powerful cudgel. Even in his own abode, although we are distinctly aware that there is a man in a fustian jacket and corduroy trowsers, with lace-up boots, directing his actions, we still concentrate all our ideas of vitality there enclosed in our frolicsome hero. The other persons of the drama are mere puppets, subservient to the proper performance of the comedy; but Punch is an exception to them. We can imagine him, when the show is over, carrying his pugnacious disposition into the oblong box that encloses him and his companions, and thrashing them with the same merciless vigour when shut up in the aforementioned case, as he did when he figured in public.

Whenever we see a Punch's show, we look upon the chief actor as the same being we have witnessed before, and invest him with the same propensities and internal economy. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the reality, that there are more Punches than one in the world; and nothing would distress our intellectual faculties more than to see two Punches in one show. A sight like this would bewilder us; our mind would not be able to grapple with the confusion thus created. We would rather not witness so strange a sight, but incline to the theory that Punch is ubiquitous—that the same Punch who figures at the Fête of St. Cloud is the next moment, perhaps even at that very time, thrashing the constable to the delight of a London mob, or amusing the pleasure-seekers on the smooth turf of Egham race-course.

Punch enjoys an excellent constitution. Blows that would be sudden death to other people, fall lightly and unheeded upon his occiput. He merely exclaims, "How hard the wind blows!" and cures himself in five seconds by rubbing the back of his head against the wings of his theatre—a species of counter-irritation to which many quacks have, doubtless, been indebted for their ideas. One of his finest delineations, however, is the manner in which, after receiving a thrashing from the unknown intruder, he looks carefully round his theatre, to see from what quarter the injuries have proceeded; and concludes his search by leaning half over the front, and endeavouring to peer round the sides of the show. This is perfect, and only approached by his occasional convulsive shudders after the ghost has appeared to him—one of the most terrible personifications of supernatural fright

ever exhibited. Nor does the Belgian Lion at Waterloo repose in calmer triumph over the mound of slaughtered heroes which it surmounts, than Punch does when he tranquilly perches himself upon the line of victims to his conquering arm, whose lifeless forms embellish the front board of his theatre.

The drama of Punch has suffered material change within the last few years. The baby, Jack Ketch, the gallows, and the—(we hesitate to write his name) the—enemy of mankind, have almost disappeared. Their places have been supplied by a clown, and divers other characters. We have also witnessed a tin caddy, through which Jim Crow pokes his head, when Punch's curiosity leads him to peep into the interior; and a spectre made of wood, with an enormous mouth of red cloth. We do not like these innovations. They look like a taste for spectacle; and where this prevails, the legitimate drama must fall. Punch is to the Fantoccini what Shakspeare is to the ballets of her Majesty's Theatre, and we should not wish either to merge into the other. Some mercenary proprietors have desecrated Punch's show by turning it to account with an evening exhibition of Chinese shadows, illuminated by various candle-ends placed behind. This is unpardonable, and we were exceedingly rejoiced to see the transparent screen destroyed by accidental conflagration, a few evenings since, in Bloomsbury Square. It was a just visitation.

In conclusion, we have a question to ask, connected with our immortal friend; and if any of our readers can solve it, we shall be more than happy to receive their communications. How is Punch's unearthly voice produced? Is it a natural sound, or the result of some peculiar instrument in the mouth? We were taught in infancy that two quadrangular pieces of tin bound together by narrow tape would produce the desired effect, when placed between the lips. This is not the fact. A squeaking sound may be perpetrated through its use, but no articulation of words is practicable; and we opine that the noise is the result of much training, or natural conformation of the muscles of the organs of voice. One use these tin instruments certainly possess. A lady of our acquaintance bitterly offended us. We could not openly retaliate, so we cloaked our revenge under the mask of kindness. We made four of the above whistles, and gave them to the same number of her children. Our retaliation was complete: the house was the scene of one long, continuous squeak from morning till night, as shrill as Punch's, without the advantage of his sage remarks.

ALBERT.

CURIOUS RELIC

DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

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To every one who has given his attention to the antiquities of this country, the article on the Westminster relic, which appeared in *The Mirror*, No. 1055, must prove a source of great interest.

The figure, so cleverly represented by the spirited woodcut, presents a singularity of appearance, and displays a rudeness of conception, which can only be referred to a barbarous age; while its general aspect is so essentially different from anything of the kind that has hitherto been brought to light, that it may at first sight appear presumptuous to start any hypothesis regarding it. On comparing, however, its appearance with some passages in Tacitus and other writers, I am strongly inclined to believe that it is of Druidical origin, and to consider it one of the many objects of our forefathers' superstitious worship.

The first passage to which I would draw your attention is from the *Agricola* of Tacitus. In alluding to the manners and customs of the Britons, he says: "*Rudes et informes Druidum imagines, quas quo deformiores eo majore cultu adorant.*"—*Tacit. Agric.*, cap. vii.

The general appearance of the curiosity before us corresponds exactly with the above passage: and its ingenious hideousness was, doubtless, well calculated to excite in its worshippers the deepest devotion.

The next quotation which I shall adduce applies more particularly to the figure in question, and points at once to its most prominent feature: "*Druidum laribus ventres rotundi.*"—*Plin.*, Ep. xi.

This passage, hitherto a stumbling-block to commentators, appears to be at once satisfactorily elucidated by the discovery of this relic.

As the most conclusive evidence on the subject, I lay before you the following quotation, which seems to describe with wonderful accuracy the design, execution, and effect of this odd piece of antiquity: "*Mirum quod nonnulli barbari deformissimas ponunt in atriis imagines, nec aliter Germani et Britanni. Hi quidem hominum, bestiarum, aviumque figuras in unam plerumque conjungunt.*"—*Plin.*: ut. ant.

Although these passages have been adduced in proof of the origin and intention of the relic, it must be observed that they have much light thrown on themselves by its discovery. They have long puzzled acute scholars, but seem by this discovery to receive the most clear illustration.

Should a taste for the study of such subjects be more widely diffused in this country, much benefit might result not only to the

knowledge of antiquities, but also to the interpretation of passages in the classics hitherto unintelligible.

A MEMBER OF THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.
Trin. Coll., Camb.

P.S. I am particularly anxious to know the colour of the figure, and, if possible, to obtain a sight of it. My chief reason for this is, that in a passage which I cannot at present call to mind, the word *vitrum* is used to designate the colour of certain figures, and the same word is used by Caesar when speaking of the colour with which the bodies of the ancient Britons were painted, regarding which there has been much controversy. 325 M. C.

[The colour of the figure is reddish-brown.
—*Ed. M.*]

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

By the invention of a spectacle in which everything was calculated to give music a boundless ascendancy, the Italians provided for the wants of their own restless and highly sensitive nature, which sought in the theatre the source of an easy and genial relaxation, and to which a long silent sitting of about six hours in a play-house, as our good customers of Covent Garden or the Haymarket have the constancy to endure, would be utter misery.

A box in an Italian play-house is a drawing-room, at Milan and Florence not unfrequently used for supper. In the pit, in the gallery, in the six tiers of boxes, there are other interests at stake than the catastrophe on the stage. Everywhere there is nodding, and smiling, and flirting, and waving of fans and handkerchiefs; two-thirds at least of the performance are drowned by the murmur of a general conversation, until, occasionally, a burst of applause, or the strokes of the director of the orchestra, announce the entrance of a favourite singer, or the prelude of a popular air, when, as if by a common accord, that confused roar of six thousand voices is instantly hushed,—all laughing, coquetting, and ice-champagne drinking is broken short, and all the actors in the minor stages submit themselves for five minutes to behave like a well-mannered and intelligent audience. All this has been said in order to prove, that although the Italian opera has been imported in all its splendour in this country, and though we pay rather dearly for it, we are as yet far from understanding half its mysteries, or from enjoying its real advantages.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

TO THE WOOD SORREL.

Hail to thee! exquisitely pencil'd flower,
That tremblest on thy solitary stem,
And shrinkest even from the passing shower
That would thy fairy cup with crystals gem.

Faint heart hast thou that canst not brook a frown,
But waitest weeping for a sunny smile,
With petals closed and calyx hanging down,
And leaves enfolded in despair the while.

The stream runs sparkling by—the wild bee hums,
And thoughtful seeks his mossy hermit cell—
And see, to kiss thy cheek, the sunbeam comes,
Now, pensive Sorrel, raise thy drooping bell.

Whence hast thou won thy names, thou simple
flower?

A nameless wanderer seeks the reason why—
Here will he sit and muse away the hour,
For he, like thee, is lowly, sad, and shy.

Thine ancient, solemn title, sure was given,
Pale "ALLELUIA," by grey monks of old,
What time the chanted service rose to heaven,
When paced the brethren forth, barefoot and
stoled,

To far-off fanes in hoary forests hid,
Where pealing bells for Easter masses rung;
When all to hail that Holy time were bid,
And incense through the buttress'd piles was
fung.

Not unobservant they, those brethren pale,
They would not crush, with careless foot, thy
flower;

While "Alleluia," swept adown the vale,
They stepp'd aside and bless'd thy spring-tide
hour.

They passed away!—and moulder'd are the fanes—
The mortals and their works alike are gone;
Dark roll'd the tide of war along the plains,
Yet thou, a simple flower, unhurt liv'dst on.

It chanced upon the good Saint Patrick's day,
A warrior wounded, fell, with riven crest;
Thy little careless plant bloom'd where he lay,
And hope reviving sprang within his breast.

"Erin-go-bragh!"—he pluck'd thy trefoll'd stem,
And vow'd a vow by holy Patrick's shrine,
A "SHAMROCK" chaplet for a diadem,
Erin's, green Erin's burnish'd helm should twine.

He pass'd away!—that mail-clad warrior bold—
Still thou liv'dst on, meek Sorrel, as of yore;
Then came some village leech, down bent and old,
And placed thee in his widely gather'd store.

Though long he mused upon thy healing power,
The names he gave, uncouth they were, and rude;
"STRAWBERRY," he call'd thee, "OXALIS," "WOOD-
SOUR,"

That by his skill the cooling draught imbued.

The unlearn'd peasant loves thy fragile form,
And gipsy children seek thy mossy bed,
When days are long, and April suns are warm,
They laugh, and say, thou art "THE CUCKOO'S
BREAD."

Emblem of "Joy!"—thou hail'st the dawning day,
And pious cottage dames yet love to tell
The careless urchins how thou turn'st to pray,
And ring'st the matins on thy fairy bell.

Fair fall the dew upon thy crimson stalk!
Long may the wild bee murmur on thy breast!
Long may the wanderer find thee in his walk,
Where thou hast risen each spring from death-
like rest.

REINOLD.

THE HALL AT HAMPTON-COURT
PALACE.

Six years since, in noticing the restoration of this magnificent Hall in the year 1800, we observed: "It would be difficult to say for what useful purpose this renewal was made, since the Hall is not shewn to visitors; an omission which reminds one of the performance of *Hamlet*, without the principal character." (See *Mirror*, No. 710, vol. xxv. page 161.) At length, this inconsistency has been removed, and the Hall has lately been opened to the public as fully as the other portions of the palace. The Chapel, however, remains closed: it is a small but beautiful apartment, with an elaborately carved roof, springing from the arches, and bristling with pendants, and panelled and ornamented with foliated mouldings. Here are likewise some exquisite carvings, by Gibbons. We hope the public will be alike admitted to this chapel; for these concessions to national taste must prove alike beneficial to the people, and honourable to their rulers.

The gratuitous admission of the public to the greater part of this vast palace has been so ably touched upon by Mr. William Howitt, in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, that we shall extract the passage before we proceed to describe "the Hall":—"A Visit to Hampton-Court Palace (says Mr. Howitt) is one of the bravest pleasures that a party of happy friends can promise themselves. Especially is it calculated to charm the thousands of pleasure-seekers from the dense and dusty vastness of London. It lies in a rich country, on the banks of the Thames,—there, untroubled by commerce, but flowing free and pure amid the greenest meadows, scattered villas, and trees overhanging its clear waters, and adding to its glad aspect the richness of their beauty. From the swelling hills of Richmond, Esher, and St. George, the palace is seen standing aloft amid a sea of woodland foliage, like a little town in its extent. Its ample and delightful gardens, bounded by the splendid masses of its lime-tree avenues; its ancient courts, with all their historic recollections; its accumulated paintings, the Cartoons themselves being part of them—all are thrown open to the leisurely and perfect enjoyment of the public. There is no royal palace in England, excepting Windsor, which, after all, is to be compared to it; and this is, as it should be, given up to the use and refreshment of the people. It is the first step towards the national appropriation of public property. It is long since it was said, 'The king has got his own again,' and it is now fitting that the people should have their own again. Of all the palaces, the towers, the abbeyes, and cathedrals, which have been

W. J.

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raised with the wealth, and ostensibly for the benefit, of the people, none till lately have been freely open to the footsteps of the multitude. They have been jealously retained for the enjoyment of an exclusive few, or have been made engines to extort still further payment from those out of whose pockets they were raised. But the tolls at the doors of St. Paul's and the Tower have been relaxed; park after park, in the metropolis, has been thrown open; and now this old charming palace of Hampton-Court has been made the daily resort of any and of all of the English people who choose to tread the pavements, and disport themselves in the gardens, and gaze on the works of art, which for ages were wont only to be accessible to the royal, the aristocratic, and the ecclesiastical dignitary, and their retainers."

At the period of Mr. Howitt's "Visit," the Banqueting Hall of Hampton-Court Palace was not open to the public; and accordingly he does not describe this "most magnificent room." Our tourist might, however, with little difficulty, have obtained admission to the Hall, and have thus been enabled to complete his otherwise minute description of the palace. This apartment is, unquestionably, *Wolseyan*, "belonging altogether to that Tudor or transition style, when castles were fast turning into peaceful mansions, and the beauties of ecclesiastical architecture were called in to aid in giving ornament where before strength had only been required." The first and second quadrangles, as the reader may recollect, are the principal portions extant of the palace as built by Wolsey: in the first court, is the tall gable of the Hall, with figures of dogs and griffins pursuing each other down its roof; a griffin erect, supporting a vane on the summit, and a large window of the perpendicular order: of the second court, the Hall forms the left side as you enter. The grand entrance is beneath an archway, flanked with octagonal towers in the first quadrangle. The ceiling in this archway has a large rose in the centre, and in the different compartments, the portcullis, fleur-de-lis, and other symbols of the Tudor arms, with the letters H. A., no doubt intended for Henry and Ann (Boleyn). A short flight of steps leads to what appears to be an oblong apartment, but is, in fact, that portion of the Hall which is beneath the music-gallery, supported by a screen, through which you step into the majestic apartment itself,—“one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens remaining of that great scene of courtly ceremony and stately revelry, the principal hall of the princely or baronial mansion.” In comparison with the Hall of Christchurch, Oxford, also built by Wolsey, the Hampton-Court apartment is considered, by some persons, to yield for

chasteness of architecture. The respective dimensions are:—

	Feet in length.	Feet in breadth.
Christchurch Hall	115	40
Hampton Court	106	40

From our recollection of the details of Christchurch Hall, we incline to consider it of more chaste design than the Hampton-Court apartment; the former having the advantage of a handsome arched fire-place over, of Somersetshire stone, appropriately sculptured, in each of the side walls, instead of a louvre, or lantern, in the roof: we question, however, whether the canopy of the large window at the upper end of the south side is more richly sculptured than at Hampton-Court. The Oxford Hall is likewise hung with a splendid collection of portraits of illustrious persons; and the apartment being used for the purposes for which it was originally built, is to this day in excellent condition.*

It is now time to return to the Hampton-Court Hall, where, in advancing up the smooth stone floor, you are struck with the great flood of light poured into the apartment from all sides, and presenting a bright contrast with several halls of the same period, which are but imperfectly lit.† The general impression on entering the Hall has been so cleverly sketched by a contemporary, that we shall quote the details, rather than ourselves attempt to describe the agreeable effect:—"On either hand, lofty pointed windows, commencing half way up the perpendicular height of the wall, together with the broad gable window of corresponding elevation at the further end, give a peculiar lightness and airiness to the elegantly and elaborately carved roof, which seems to float, as it were, on their transparent summits, with its brown oaken ribs and panels, its pendent ornaments and heraldic devices; while, at the further end,

* The halls of our colleges, at either university, and the inns of court, still remain accurate examples of the ancient baronial and conventional halls: preserving not merely their original form and appearance, but the identical arrangement and service of the tables. Even the central fire is, in some instances, kept up, being of charcoal, burnt in a large brazier, in lieu of the *re-re-dose*. In other respects, probably, little, if any thing, has been altered since the Tudor era; and those who are curious to know the mode in which our ancestors dined in the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, may be gratified by attending that meal in the great halls of Christchurch or Trinity, and asking the imagination to convert the principal and fellows at the upper table into the stately baron, his family, and guests; and the gowned commoners, at the side tables, into the liveried retainers. The service of the kitchen, butleries, and cellars, is conducted, at the present day, in every point, precisely according to ancient unvaried custom.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xiv., p. 496.

† The hall of Gray's Inn; for example, is but indifferently lit by four small windows on each side, and a lantern in the roof.

a fuller stream of light falls upon the *dais*, or slightly raised platform, from the recess on the right, formed by an elegant bay-window, which, while running upwards to the same elevation as the range of windows already described, descends also nearly to the floor.* Mr. Jesse refers to this as "the most beautiful window in the country." It was upon a pane of this window, that, during one of the festivals given in this Hall by Henry VIII., the ill-fated Earl of Surrey wrote with a diamond the name of "the fair Geraldine," and in quaint versification commemorated her beauty; a licence which is said to have excited the jealousy of the king, and to have been one among many other causes of Surrey's end on the scaffold. So runs the romantic episode in his unfortunate life; but there is better evidence to shew that Surrey's attachment, or rather admiration, was only encouraged for the sake of rhyming; that it was, indeed, a poetical conceit, and that other circumstances lessened the soldier-poet in his sovereign's opinion; although the real cause of his condemnation and death has not been very clearly ascertained.† The story of Surrey's writing upon the window is, however, a popular and probable tradition: what an autograph must have been the identical pane! The "bay" is, at present, partly filled with multi-coloured armorial emblazonry, in which the insignia of the Cardinal, "the last of the haughty prelates of the good old catholic times," shine forth with undiminished lustre,

"As watch-light by the bed of some departing man."—*Scott*.

* Westminster Review, No. LXVII. 1840.

† Surrey,

"The flower of knight-hood, nipt as soon as blown,
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone,"

in his description and praise of her, says:—

"Tortur'd she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an earl—her dame of princes' blood.
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With kynge's child, where tasteth costly food,
Hunsdon did first present her to my eyen,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine."

Walpole considers Geraldine to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, (daughter of that Earl of Kildare who died a prisoner in the Tower in the year 1535,) and one of the maids of honour to the princess Mary. When Surrey first saw her, he was married, living affectionately with his wife, and the fair Geraldine was a mere child, thirteen years of age. Surrey himself was in his twenty-fourth year. The lady was married in her fifteenth year to Sir Anthony Brown; but Surrey continued to rhyme, without offending either his own wife or the lady's husband,—a circumstance which serves to shew that the persons most concerned were fully aware of the real state of the case. Such is Mr. Mackay's version of the story in his *Thames and its Tributaries*. Others regard the controversy respecting the existence of Geraldine not to have terminated, and that it probably never will, until there are greater opportunities than exist at present for examining public records.

Although this noble apartment is usually styled "Wolsey's Hall," the frequent occurrence among the decorations, of the initials of Henry and Jane Seymour, joined by a true lover's knot, lead to the conclusion that the Hall was not finished till 1536 or 1537, or after the royal marriage. Of this date, indeed, some accounts of the expenses of building Hampton-Court Palace (by Freemasons) have lately been discovered among the public records of London. The following items are extracted from the entries of the work, between February 26, (27 Henry VIII.,) and March 25, then next ensuing:

Freemasons.

Master, at 12d. the day, John Molton, 6s.
Warden, at 5s. the week, William Reynolds, 20s.
Settlers, at 3s. 6d. the week, Nicholas Seyworth, (and for three others,) 13s. 6d.
Lodgesmen, at 2s. 4d. the week, Richard Watchet, (and twenty-eight others,) 13s. 4d.
The *Clerk of the Works* received 8d. per diem, and his Waiting Clerks 6d. each.

Wolsey resigned the Palace to Henry VIII. twenty years previous to this date, in the year 1516, having first built the Hall, as may be inferred from Cavendish's account of the Lord Cardinal's household; from which we learn that there were upon the "chaine roll, 800 persons, independent of suitors, who were entertained in the "Hall," and in which were daily spread three tables. Again, we can scarcely imagine a stately palace outshining all the king's houses without its hall; notwithstanding the adjoining presence chamber, or withdrawing room, (to be described hereafter,) is of great extent.

It should here be described that the entire apartment has been cleaned, restored, or re-decorated. Beneath the side windows is a series of tapestry hangings, rich in allegory and classic design, but faint in colour, which disadvantage is increased by the bright azure of portions of the roof and border above the tapestry: probably, little has been done beyond cleaning the decorations renewed, with great care, in the year 1800; but the freshness we have referred to is in strong contrast with the faded hangings. From the spring of the roof are suspended appropriate banners; and around the apartment are placed suits and groups of armour: that over the door leading to the withdrawing-room representing St. George and the Dragon upon a group of naked swords.

ERRORS IN DIET.

THE true theory of digestion, as partially unfolded in Dr. Wilson Phillip's experiments on rabbits, is so misunderstood, that Lord Byron, when seeking a diet of easy digestion, instead of resorting to animal food broiled and underdone, which all medical

men know to be the most digestive food,* took to a vegetable diet, which requires a stomach of extra power. The same error is seen in the common notion about the breakfast of ladies in Queen Elizabeth's days, as if fit only for ploughmen; whereas, it is *our* breakfasts of slops which require the powerful organs of digestion. The same error is current in the notion that a weak, watery diet is fit for a weak person. Such a person peculiarly requires solid food. It is also a common mistake to suppose that, because no absolute illness is caused by daily errors of diet, these errors are practically cancelled. Cowper, the poet, delivers the very just opinion that all disorders of a *function*, (as, suppose, the secretion of bile,) sooner or later, if not corrected, cease to be functional disorders, and become organic. The best maxim of diet is, to take daily, a few mouthfuls of all the three kingdoms of nature—animal, vegetal, and mineral. Salt, and now and then a little chalk, are positive necessities, and do not cost much. No more fluid than is necessary to grease the wheels should ever be taken, if we would preserve a good condition. Water, wine, and beer will sometimes do us more good to behold or think of than to drink off. Some people seem to create a parody on a well-known song of abstinence, as though they would rather have it thus:

Then hey for a stomach, a stomach, a stomach,
Then hey for a stomach filled up to the brim.

J. H. F.

BENEDETTO MARCELLO, THE MUSICIAN OF MALAMOCO.

A Legend of Venice.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."—*Goldsmith.*

It was in that gay season when the first princes and potentates, as well as their prime ministers, were too happy to throw aside the cares of state, and assume the disguises of less solemn and pleasanter people, to enjoy a few hours for years of service and vexation—it was the evening that ushered in the Carnival of Venice, when a knot of young nobles were spending their time merrily enough, I warrant, after a splendid supper in one of their palaces, seated picturesquely on the outskirts of the city. Soon one of the party was observed to withdraw himself quietly from the rest; he was seen to support his head on his left hand, to hold a rose in his right, while he began to "sigh like

furnace," fixing his eyes, like two fire-balls, directly upon the palace on the opposite side of the laguna. For here was then being given a rare feast, in honour of the marriage of Paulo Seranzo with the fair Leonora Manfrotti.

A companion, Alberto Leoni, not one of the most sage and temperate, turning quickly round, reproached Benedetto with his ill-humour, adding, "that there were enough of handsome women left in Venice; that it was foolish to lament over one." Perceiving his friend still thoughtful, he took the rose from his hand, promising to send it on his part to the husband, and that he had better think of some verses to accompany the present. "Surely, surely, a young fellow so well qualified as you, Benedetto, must not envy the husband of Leonora, whom in a few hours you would render the most unhappy man in Venice." All the gay company applauded the idea of Leoni: Benedetto, being rather sulky, at first refused; but at length he good-naturedly gave way to the wishes of his companions.

The lover began the epistle, but his tears blotted the paper, and Leoni kindly took up the pen and wrote the following:—

"BEAUTIFUL LADY,—Benedetto sends to you this rose, and entreats you to remember that the ancient custom is to give the thorns to the husband, and the flowers to the lover." Leoni soon reached the palace, and ascending a little terrace which led to the sleeping-rooms, the windows of which, as usual in the warm season, were open, he threw the letter and the rose as nearly as he could upon the couch, and had scarcely again reached his gondola when he saw the company setting out. The companions of the adventurous Leoni applauded his bold design, and were much amused at the idea of the ludicrous consequences that would most likely ensue.

Now, Leonora Manfrotti was the beautiful daughter of a noble patrician just returned from his wealthy government of the Morea. He had another daughter, who, owing to some whim of dame Nature, was so exactly like her sister that only those most intimate with them could possibly perceive any difference between them. Of course, when Paulo, the husband, was aware of the rose's impertinence, to say nothing of the complimentary letter about the thorns, he flew into the greatest rage, and even accused his bride of having some share in this vile, injurious transaction. It was in vain she appealed to Heaven in support of her perfect innocence; the jealous husband soon became the cruel tyrant, and, *pari passu*, it followed as a natural consequence that he soon brought her, or more truly to speak, tormented and pinched her, to her grave. The black and blue spots at first led to the belief that she had been poisoned; but it was subsequently

* Doctors differ upon this point more than our Correspondent imagines: Dr. Prout, for example, advocates the maceration and stewing of the French cuisines.—ED. M.

the medical opinion that these were only the effect of the repeated nips and pinches which, in his petty malice against the rose, he inflicted, to shew that the thorns were not wholly confined to him. She was, nevertheless, interred with splendid pomp in the church Dei Frari, in the vault of the husband's ancestors, where a funeral light was kept continually burning near her.

Although Benedetto up to that time had lived among the most dissipated youths, he could not help reproaching himself with causing the death of this fair lady; an idea that at length preyed so greatly upon his mind that he wholly lost the poise of his wits, in other words, became distracted, and one day disappeared from Venice; indeed, it was reported, that in an access of folly he had put an end to his existence.

Eliade Manfrotti, the sister of Leonora, was one of those bright and almost ethereal beings that seem to partake more of the celestial than the earthly, so full of soul, and grace, and love, were her least movements and expressions, while a subdued fire and vivacity beamed from her dark eyes, that gave lustre to her whole air. It is not surprising that she should be keenly alive to the charms of music; and in certain moods it made a vivid impression on her impassioned mind. It happened that some musical compositions by an unknown hand were at that time greatly admired in Venice. At the funeral of a certain senator that took place in the church Dei Frari, the music of the unknown author was played: Eliade herself assisted in the performance, and was so overcome with the effect of the "sweet harmony" she helped to raise that she fainted, and from that hour her sole desire was to discover the unknown musician. She could play nothing but the compositions of him who had excited such an irresistible curiosity in her soul, a strange indefinable wish to see him—the dear author of those divine airs she was daily and nightly absorbed in pouring with exquisite expression from her harp or organ. Her prayers and her efforts were alike useless; when asleep, she dreamed of him, when awake, she thought and sang of him, yet he came not, she saw him not, and she mused her life away.

One night, while she was singing the fragment of a song that had been sent her, trying it again and again, to find in what manner it could best be finished, she started at hearing some one completing the air just as she would have wished it. Seized with the idea that it could only be he of whom she was in search, she told a servant to follow the gondola, who afterwards reported that it had gone to Malamocco, whither he had not dared to follow it, because the island was not inhabited, and more, because the wife of Faliero, or rather the wife's ghost, was credibly reported to haunt the ruins of

the deserted buildings. The only idea that occurred to Eliade, however, was, how she could contrive to get to this desert isle, and gain tidings, perhaps, respecting the absent musician. Try to baulk a woman's curiosity, especially in pursuit of a young musician who has caught both her ear and her fancy, if you can! She soon found that the formidable ghost was only an aged woman, who had the reputation of being esteemed a witch; and our curiosity if not love stricken heroine, had no objection to employ even a little witchcraft to gratify her incessant longing to see him, especially as she herself had been publicly accused of exercising no little witchery with her eyes. So she disguised herself as a plebeian flower-girl, made her way to the precise spot, fell on the track of the old witch, and taking for granted that she knew more than she ought to know, asked her confidently to direct her to the place where the musical genius resided:

"And what can possess you," replied the old beldame, in a shrill, screeching voice, at the top of her witchcraft, "to come to me, and to ask to find out what you ought not to know. Oh, woman, woman, from the beginning! Father Satan well knew what he was about—an apple, or a handsome musician, it is all one."

"Is he—is he so handsome?" inquired the young enthusiast, "as well as so fascinating—so full of melody—so divine?"—but she was out of breath, and the witch very considerably resumed the word.

"Lady! he who receives the applauses of all Italy cannot be unworthy to be known."

"And if he is unhappy," was the rejoinder, "I should be so glad to partake his unhappiness—to—to relieve his sorrows."

"I see I need not ask if he is then so dear to you?"

"As dear as my life!" was the wild young girl's reply.

"Well, then, my sweet daughter," said the old woman, dropping her stick, "as you have told me your secret, I will tell you mine. I am not the witch people take me for—I am not that celebrated hag who for more than thirty years made so flourishing a trade of her oracles. The great Nera-gadonga is dead; but I, who succeeded in her place to conceal my misfortunes, am alive, and assist him who has no one, not even his own reason, to assist him. I nursed him on his coming into this bad world, and I am nursing him again now, on his going out."

"And I am Eliade Manfrotti," replied her fair visitor.

"Heaven, then, has sent you to me," said the old nurse; "for a strange mystery will be made known to you, which will call for all the force and constancy of your soul."

Darkness now began to shroud the earth;

the light of the houses in the distance, and the half-seen gondola moving here and there, were all that could be discerned. The nurse of Benedetto took a light and invited her companion to follow her. They advanced a good way among the ruins, till they arrived at a low narrow entrance, through which they passed, and stopped at a door, where, pausing some time, she turned to her companion: "I repeat to you, my dear, the scene is terrible." She then put out the light, and they entered what appeared to Eliade a large vaulted room, in which a funereal lamp hung from the roof. She entered, and saw lying near a coffin a lady of wonderful beauty, at whose feet sat a young man in deep mourning, absorbed in melancholy, who frequently ran his hand carelessly over the keys of an organ which stood near him, and on which lay several rolls of paper, when suddenly he ceased, and fixing his eyes on the body before him, waited as if expecting a reply. The young lady, struck no less by his extreme mildness and symmetry of features than by his beauty and wildness of imagination, so apparent in all his compositions, inferred that he must have suffered some severe loss, but she little conceived that the object of it was her own sister;—and a greater mystery yet remained to be cleared up. He again began to play, and this time sang. The subject was his remorse:—in most touching and beautiful language he besought the pardon of her whom he had so unwittingly brought to an early doom, praying that in some sphere he might yet be united to her. Then came the fear that the God of justice would separate the murderer from his victim. It was then that the aged nurse related how the poor gentleman had lost both the lady and his mother, which together had quite upset his wits—that the lady was her sister; that he had conveyed the body by night from the church, and sought to restore it to life by the charms of harmony.

The wit and resources of women are inexhaustible: Eliade devised an ingenious plan to restore the musician to reason. When Benedetto, the following day, endeavoured to restore his lady-love to life in vain with other instruments, he at length took up his harp and sung the fourth psalm, praying her to arise. The lady, indeed, opened her eyes, and rising from her couch, she thus addressed the delighted Benedetto:—"Am I she whom you regret?"—"Leonora, forgive me," was the reply; my fault was love—do not be inexorable."

"Death only is inexorable," was the lady's answer, and will not give up its victim. Ask not for Leonora, but behold her whom you have indeed restored to life since she saw you, and live for her sake and that Italy which so much honours you."

The ingenious expedient of the sister of

the lamented Leonora was perfectly successful. Benedetto recovered his reason; and, with the cares of the good old nurse, and the perfect resemblance of one whom he soon called his wife to his first unfortunate love, was fully reconciled to existence. Yet only a few brief, but not unhappy years, remained for the fascinating genius in whom disappointed affection had awakened a soul of harmony and song seldom combined in the most brilliant poets or musicians; who left behind him the finest sacred pieces in the world, and which have rendered his name famous throughout all Italy.

New Books.

Comic Tales and Sketches. By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

[ALTHOUGH these *Tales and Sketches* have already appeared in two of our leading periodicals, they will be received as rich and racy additions to our comic literature, which is of paramount attraction at the present moment. This *diversion* of the public taste may be a reaction, in parliamentary phrase. We suspect that the reading classes, or, in one word, everybody, have become so weary of the utilitarian bores, and their never-ending, never-mending doctrines, that a leap from grave to gay has been eagerly and generally taken; and probably more improvement may be effected by the light artillery of satiric humour than by the sappers and miners in "the march of intellect;" for men are more likely to be laughed out of their follies by true humour than to be worried out of them by dulness.

Mr. Titmarsh ranks very high in, if not at the head of, the English school of wit. As we observed, in noticing his *Paris Sketch Book*, "he has a very nice perception of the ridiculous, and a talent for railery which would have delighted even the great Lord Shaftesbury, who maintains that nothing is proof against railery but what is honest and just." This rare talent is here admirably worked out, as every page and plate of these two volumes testifies; for Titmarsh is his own illustrator as well as editor. At the duties of the latter he glances in his preface, wherein he commends the publishers' custom of causing the works of unknown literary characters to be "edited" by some already popular person—"a custom which cannot be too strongly praised, both by authors of high repute, and by writers of no repute at all;" for the former pocket the publishers' drafts, and the latter their meed of fame. But the literal illustration is still more amusing:]

This little editorial fiction is one which can do harm to nobody in the world, and only good to the young author so introduced; for who would notice him, in such a great,

crowded, bustling world, unless he came provided with a decent letter of recommendation? Thus Captain Peter Simple brought forward the ingenious writer of "Rattlin, the Reefer;" thus Mr. William Harrison Rookwood took Dr. Bird by the hand; thus the famous Mr. Theodore Eye lately patronized the facetious Peter Priggins, whose elegant tales of Oxford life must have charmed many thousand more persons than ever will read this "Preface." Take one more instance:—"The History of Needlework in all Ages;" a book of remarkable interest, and exciting to a delirious pitch. Many people now would have passed over the book altogether, who, when they saw that it was "edited" by a Countess, instantly looked out her ladyship's name in the Peerage, and ordered the work from Ebers's.

When there came to be a question of republishing the tales in these volumes, the three authors, Major Gahagan, Mr. Fitzroy Yellowplush, and myself, had a violent dispute upon the matter of editing; and at one time we talked of editing each other all round. The toss of a halfpenny, however, decided the question in my favour; and I shall be very glad, in a similar manner, to "edit" any works, of any author, on any subject, or in any language whatever.

[The Yellowplush Papers, the reader need scarcely be told, first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*: no matter, for they deserve a second and a third reading, they are so lifelike and laughter-moving. So, reader, do not spurn a literary footman of Mr. Yellowplush's distinction: he is, be assured, a very faithful chronicler of his ladies and gentlemen, for he was "some time footman in many genteel families," from all of whom he received an excellent character for honesty and sobriety. Besides, we would ask, who can so well recount the private histories of "their betters" as their servants, and who are so fit to become their biographers? True it is that all are not equally gifted: Yellowplush may not, like Dodsley, be a "Muse in livery," nor be mistaken by his maxims for Lord Chesterfield; nor may he, in these degenerate days, meet with such a Mæcenas as Pope: but be assured that this old Yellowplush is a shrewd painter of human follies, whether he sketches Miss Saum's husband, skims "the Diary of George IV.," chronicles the doings of Mr. Deuceace, or "turns critic next," and strips the literary jackdaw of his borrowed feathers and falsely-earned fame. Some of his critiques, by the way, will give vanity the jaundice, and make her sons take the tinge of the reviewer's livery. Here is a pair of portraits:—]

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to reseave littery pipples; and accordingly, at dinner tother day, whose name

do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wore spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail faze, a small waist, a pair of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmm settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust off his shoos, looked at his whiskers in a little pocket-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mountid up stairs.

[The second volume contains some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan, and the Bedford-row Conspiracy, from the *New Monthly Magazine*; Stubbs's Calendar, or, The Fatal Boots, from the *Comic Almanack*; and the Professor, an Oyster-eating freak.

The work is accompanied by several tinted illustrations, the most successful of which is the frontispiece to the first volume, bearing three accurate portraits of the authors, supposed to be marching hand-in-hand, and just on the brink of immortality.

By the way, we take the Yellowplush papers to be an unquespecimen of *etowderie*, admirably sustained from beginning to end; there are no clever slips, such as would mar the matter, and be as ruinous to its character as a good action had nearly proved to Snake's reputation.]

A Natural History of British and Foreign Quadrupeds. By J. H. Fennell.

THIS work, by "an Old Correspondent" of *The Mirror*, appears to be judiciously as well as industriously compiled. The title-page modestly states that it contains "many modern discoveries, original observations, and numerous anecdotes;" and the great number of references throughout the volume sufficiently attest the pains-taking spirit of the author, who believes it to contain "a greater collection of well-authenticated facts than any similar work of the same size." He assures us that he has considered every statement, collated one author with another, and often gone over the ground afresh, and traced errors to their sources; and, in many instances, he adds, that he has exposed the objectionable system of suppressing one side of the question, and of perverting and garnishing the real facts. Of course we cannot be expected to test the author's accuracy in every page, but, from the earnestness of his manner, and the excellent tone of his work generally, we are induced to consider the present volume as one of the best popular books on the subject that has been produced of late years. By "popular" we must be understood as

adapted for the masses, and likely to become a favourite with them.

We have only space to refer to a few of the chapters. That on Bats is very attractive: it states the bat to be so fond of meat, "that it will sometimes enter a larder, cling to a joint, and make a hearty supper upon it." Mr. Thomas Scandrett informs the author that "the children in Worcestershire repeat the following rhyme while they throw up their hats at the bat:

'Leather-wing bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a rasher of bacon.'

It is indeed a popular notion, and, perhaps, not an unfounded one, that bats will descend chimneys and gnaw the bacon and other meats, suspended there to be smoke-dried." Mr. Fennell is incorrect in stating that the vampire bat at the Surrey Zoological Gardens was never seen on the floor of the cage: he was rarely seen there: we make this correction, because Mr. Fennell's assertion impugns a statement by Cuvier, that vampire bats run on the ground more easily than other bats.

The account of the Mole is also very interesting: it is here related from the *Magazine of Natural History*, that an old mole-catcher was in the habit of eating moles when cooked, and that "if folks generally knew what good eating they are, fewer would fall to his share."

There is a healthy tone of humanity, yet not morbid or mawkish feeling, throughout the volume. For example, under the Badger it is observed: "to every humane mind, it must be a lamentable fact, that the objects of cruelty, under the cloak of manly sport, are generally those animals which are the least offensive, and the most timid." In such cases, which is the man, and which is the brute?

The following origin of the Pole-cat is curious: "The name of pole-cat, which is, certainly, an objectionable name, as it implies relationship to the feline tribe, has puzzled the etymologist; and a late writer conjectures that it is merely a contraction for Polish cat; but as I find that in the *History of Brutes*, by W. Franzius, translated by N. W. (1670,) pages 217 and 218, the animal is called *polcat* every time it is mentioned, I suspect that the latter was its original name, and was meant to express its attachment to the *poult*, or young poultry."

Corrections of errors are very abundant in the work. Thus, we read in a note: "Much confusion has already occurred in European and American publications on zoology, owing to the authors' taking it for granted that the commonest animals of a genus in both these quarters of the globe are the same. Thus, a red-breasted thrush, improperly called the American robin, has

had its habits introduced into the natural history of the true robin of Britain; and a species of grosbeak, improperly called the Virginian nightingale, has had its history mixed up with that of the true Philomel of the poet and naturalist."

The author of this work having devoted considerable time and research to "Shakespeare's Knowledge of Natural History," we are not surprised to find him rating the Editor of the *Pictorial Shakespeare* for omitting to elucidate the term "mouse-hunt" in *Romeo and Juliet*; which appears to be a synonym of "beech marten."

The anecdotes of Dogs are very numerous, and generally, well selected. But, we have a hair to split with the author for quoting the story of the dog, supposed to have walked from the neighbourhood of Canterbury to his master's, at Hungerford Market, a distance of nearly seventy miles. This anecdote was communicated to *The Mirror*, vol. xxviii., p. 144, whence Mr. Fennell, doubtless, obtained it, though such does not appear in the work: had our laborious author searched a few pages onward, in the same volume, he would have seen that the dog in question came from Ramsgate to London in the Dart steam-boat, and did not walk; notwithstanding, he was foot-sore and lame. This may be spoiling a good anecdote, but it is doing better—telling the truth.

In the account of the Wolf it is pleasantly related: "the Belgians chase the wolves when snow is on the ground; but, owing to the want of snow in the winter of 1834, the chase did not take place, until the wolves, finding the suspension of hostilities favourable to their propensities, had killed great numbers of cattle in the middle of the day at Liege, Luxembourg, Namur, and Hainault; and then, the government ordered a *chasse générale*, which, as it was wittily remarked, afforded the people more sport than a General Chassé." Still, we suspect the want of time, rather than the absence of snow, prevented the Belgians hunting the wolves before. It is remarked of "tame wolves" that "it is only while the animal is under some restraint, and reminded, as it were, of its dependence on its master, that any reliance can be placed upon it. The tameness of a chained or caged animal is, perhaps, oftener the result of a prudent and cunning perception in the animal, than of real disinterested affection for its master." This is probably the case, just as the dread of the laws keeps "wolves in sheep's clothing" commonly honest; or a felon in one of our colonies is orderly and well-behaved, until he is again let loose upon mankind.

Passing to another species of cunning, that of the Fox has been much overrated. Yet, "I know not," says Lord Brougham, "if

the cunning of the fox was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country, where one of these animals, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a waterpool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bough hanging over the pond." On the notion of "tame foxes," it is remarked that, though it be taken and domesticated when very young, the fox never becomes thoroughly reclaimed. Its natural propensities cannot be completely subdued; and Shakspeare is quite right in declaring that a fox ever

"So tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors."

Henry IV., Part I., Scene 2.

By the way, the beautiful fur of the North American fox is the most valuable fur in the whole world; and, in Russia, where it is worn only by the royal family and other distinguished persons, a skin is said to be worth nearly 20*l*. With respect to the boldness of the foxes on Bering's Island, Stetter observes that "it was evident that these animals could never before have been acquainted with mankind; and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience." Is not this a libel on the lords of the universe—the nobility of the animal world?

The Decorator and Artisan's Assistant.

By J. Page.

THIS is a cheap work, which must prove acceptable to a very large proportion of the useful classes; its object being to diffuse a better taste in decorative art and classic ornament. The author is already favourably known by his work on *The Acanthus*, and he requests aid from "talented (!) correspondents." Each number of *The Decorator* contains four plates, and is sold for as many pence. In No. 1 we have Grecian and Italian cornices, an Elizabethan sofa, a French chair, cornice, and brackets by Gibbons, an Elizabethan pilaster, &c. No. 2 contains furniture details in the same style as No. 1. The utility of this publication in the present day, when every new shop-front aspires to architectural character, and every cottage pretends to be *ornée*, need scarcely be urged. There are several publications of this class, of finer execution and of proportionately higher cost, than *The Decorator*; and to the former works Mr. Page's unpretending *livraison* may be a stepping-stone.

The Life and Exploits of Commodore Napier. Third Edition.

THIS brochure is compiled from speeches and documents by Sir Charles Napier, "England's second Nelson," as the hero

of the *Powerful* has been styled at home and acknowledged abroad. It is altogether very attractive, and must, we think, convince the reader that England's wooden walls have not been allowed to rot during peace.

The Gatherer.

Foot's Wooden Leg.—George Colman, the younger, observes: "There is no Shakspeare or Roscius upon record who, like Foote, supported a theatre, for a series of years, by his own acting, in his own writings, and for ten years of the time, upon a wooden leg! This prop to his person I once saw standing by his bedside, ready dressed in a handsome silk stocking, with a polished shoe and gold buckle, awaiting the owner's getting up: it had a kind of tragicomical appearance, and I leave to inveterate wags the ingenuity of punning upon a Foote in bed and a leg out of it. The proxy for a limb thus decorated, though ludicrous, is too strong a reminder of amputation to be very laughable. His undressed supporter was the common wooden leg, like a mere stick, which was not a little injurious to a well-kept pleasure-ground. I remember following him, after a shower of rain, upon a nicely rolled terrace, in which he stumped a deep round hole at every other step he took, till it appeared as if the gardener had been there with his dibble, preparing, against all horticultural practice, to plant a long row of cabbages in a gravel-walk."

"Portrait of a Gentleman."—Among the pictorial novelties of the day is a coloured lithograph, (published by Tilt and Bogue,) of that bundle of coat and paradox, a Sleeping Watchman, humorously entitled, *The Light of other Days*: on his collar is inscribed "No. 1," and he is evidently taking care of himself. Without pun, it is a striking affair for the scrap-book, and will raise many a hearty laugh at the antiquities of the "watch and ward," cleverly sketched, by the way, in *Barnaby Rudge*, a week or two since. Thus is the wisdom of our ancestors fast becoming folly for the present generation to laugh at.

Corruption.—There are two sorts of corruption—one, when the people do not observe the law, the other, when they are corrupted by the laws; an incurable evil, because it is the very remedy itself.—*Montesquieu.*

Coins.—At the sale of the late Baron Bolland's collection, a groat fetched 11*l*., a sixpence, 5*l*. 17*s*. 6*d*., and a halfpenny, 5*l*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Postage.—The net profit on the Penny Postage is above 33 per cent. The number of letters posted in the United Kingdom average 750 per minute, assuming the post-offices to be open twelve hours per day.

The London Coffee-house and Eating-house Keepers' Association held its Fourth Anniversary on Tuesday last, at the London Tavern; T. S. Duncombe, Esq., M.P., in the chair. The excellent object of this institution is to raise a fund for the support of aged and decayed members of the above trades, their widows, and orphans; and their claims upon public sympathy were very ably advocated upon this occasion.* The company numbered upwards of two hundred: the scene was altogether the best regulated "feast of reason and flow of soul" that we have, for a long time, witnessed; and at its close, the accomplished Chairman declared that he had never passed a more delightful evening. Nor must we forget the exertions of the prince of toastmasters.

The Coronation Robes of George IV., lately added to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, are stated to have cost 18,000*l.* The robe which the king wore in the procession from Westminster Hall to the Abbey, measures nine yards in length, is three yards wide, and is lined with ermine. The parliamentary robe is not so splendid as the imperial robe, which was used on the return from the coronation; and which is of deep purple velvet, but it is exceedingly splendid. The three robes are said to contain nearly 160 yards of velvet. They were cut out and shaped in the presence of him who wore them, and made under his immediate inspection and direction. Altogether, they are the most costly things that can be imagined, and are well worth the visit of the curious. They are, moreover, historical illustrations of the character of the monarch, and will afford a moral that may benefit most spectators. The embroidery is very elaborate, and the design and execution full of good taste and workmanship. The proprietor of the exhibition has built a corresponding apartment for the display of these gorgeous trappings, and has procured the throne which was formerly in Carlton-house, as a fitting companion for them. The artist who models for the exhibition, has produced a very good likeness of the king, the attitude and features being from the well-known picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The figure is clothed in a surcoat of the age of Louis XIV., the same which George the Fourth wore at the coronation banquet.

Queen Anne's Farthing.—At the recent sale of Baron Bolland's collection, Queen Anne's Farthing, (pattern) obv. bust to the left "Anna Augusta"; rev. figure of Peace in a biga, "Pax missa per orbem 1713;" very rare, and in the highest preservation, fetched 9*l.* 9*s.* Pattern for a farthing in silver, obv. bust as in the preceding, "Anna Dei Gratia;"

* During the recent Inquiry into the Import Duties, the beneficial change, in morals and manners, produced by the increase of Coffee-shops, is a very striking result.

rev. Britannia seated under a canopy, "Britannia," date "1713" below, 2*l.* 10*s.* These pieces were purchased by Baron Bolland from Mr. Rich's collection. The like (farthing) in copper, 2*l.* 11*s.* See explanation of Queen Anne's Farthing, *Mirror*, No. 722; and *Popular Errors*, Part III. In the former are engravings of the above Farthings.

Prison Discipline.—The total estimated expense of the Model Prison, in Copenhagen Fields, will be 75,000*l.*

Advertisement Oddities.—"To be let, that celebrated boarding and lodging house."—A lodge in Surrey, "surrounded by its own grounds, and bordered by the river Mole."—A gentleman "desires an engagement as a writer, free from dictation."—"To be let, a cottage near the Haymarket," a genuine specimen of *rus in urbe*.—"Wanted, a furnished house, containing the usual number of sitting rooms."—"An advertiser "is obliged to resign" a boarding or lodging house, "the situation unexceptionable for either concern."—"A furnished house to let, terms moderate "to a tenant who would treat the furniture and decorations as if they were his own," wherefore may he not sell them?—House to let, "in the most delightful, retired, and beautiful part" of Finchley Common.—Wanted a residence, "Hanover Park would be preferred, but Peckham Rye would not be objected to."—"As a companion, "a person who would not object going to any part of Great Britain, on the Continent, or any where else."—"Country apartments: "family small, without children."—"House and shop to let: "the rent all let off, and if taken immediately can be had a bargain."—"A young man "has no objection to fill up his vacant time at the trade."—"A person offering to buy furniture, "will have his price, leaving the seller to do better if he can."—"Eau bandaline, for smoothing and fixing the hair, from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*"—"As lady's maid: "no objection to travel—can be highly recommended in town."—"A balsam "is singularly agreeable as a dressing for real or false hair."—"Withering's British Plants," 5th edition, a *non sequitur*.—"Certain Needles, "with the new large eyes, are easily threaded, even by blind persons," and "are labelled with correct likenesses of Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert in relief on coloured grounds."—"A preparation for changing the hair, "can be used without the unpleasant process of brushing it out."—"A daughter "has lived out four years."

LONDON: Published by HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANKFORT, by Charles Jugel.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.